

HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



# The Black and Red

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No. 6

## Staff of Editors

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### "LE ROI EST MORT"

The streets were hush'd, the blinds were down,  
And every face had its grave frown,  
For that which threatened seemed to be  
A national catastrophe.  
They whispered low, with bated breath,  
"Edward, our King, is near to death!"

.....  
'Twas true, for in that sick-room dark  
The King of Terrors laid his mark  
On England's well-beloved King,  
About whom many a bard will sing,  
And tell our sons of Edward's fame,  
How our Peace-maker earned his name.

.....  
His breath comes fast, his heart beats slow  
For Death's dread hand is on his brow.

.....  
At last his noble life is done.  
His task fulfilled, his race is run.  
Hark to the cannon's sullen roar,  
Announcing, as in days of yore,  
That one more King is laid to rest,  
Whose name will be forever blest.  
While from St. Paul's the bells toll soft,  
For the soul of a Prince is gone aloft.

—G. E. AMBERY.



## EDITORIAL

The second summer term at Mount Tolmie finds us in a much more comfortable position than was the case twelve months ago. Then we had no gymnasium and no cricket ground, and the sports were run off on a track which was more loose earth than grass. Now, besides the gymnasium, we have six acres of grass, where we can play three games at once, besides room for net-practice, and when the sports come on we shall have a full quarter-mile track on level turf.

This year the advent of Spring was hailed by a large crop of poems—made to order, it is true—but still showing that the Fourth Form nurses some sparks of the right poetic fire. This seems to have kindled a flame of emulation in the bosoms of the Second Form, whose champion, aged ten, being (as one boy put it) “transpired,” produced the very creditable little verses which we print here over his name:

### “SPRINGTIME”

When Winter's icy grip is o'er,  
The stream once more is free;  
Then trees put forth their shady leaves  
And flowers dot the lea.  
'Tis then that springtime has begun,  
And birds sing in the trees;  
The old house-dog sits at the door  
Enjoying the cool sweet breeze;  
And swallows, swifts and martins come  
With insects and with bees.

—M. H. WATTS.

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## SCHOOL NEWS

The following new boys joined us since the date of the last issue:

J. W. Sanderson (boarder), Form IV., Vancouver.  
K. H. Boville (day-boy), Form IV., Sidney, V. I.  
R. L. Lawder (day-boy), Form III., Victoria.  
M. H. Holmes (day-boy), Form II., Victoria.  
A. Harvey (day-boy), Form III., Edmonton.  
J. E. Clayton (boarder), Form II., Sidney, V. I.  
E. E. Clayton (boarder), Form II., Sidney, V. I.  
C. L. Hayes (boarder), Form II., Vancouver.  
D. W. S. Allan (boarder), Form I., Vernon.  
K. C. Hart (boarder), Form II., New Westminster.  
S. G. Corsan (boarder), Form I., Fernie.  
H. Thurburn (day-boy), Form I., Mt. Tolmie.

\* \* \* \* \*

K. A. Creery has been moved into the Fifth Form.



Old boys will be sorry to hear that our popular Bursar, Captain H. J. R. Cullin, has severed his connection with the School. He has taken up again his profession of architect. The boys showed their appreciation of his constant efforts on their behalf by presenting him, at the beginning of this term, with a handsome oak china-cupboard. His assistance will be much missed at concerts and prize-givings, but we hope he will be a frequent visitor to the School so long as he is in Victoria.

\* \* \* \* \*

The First, Second and Third Forms are having a competition for the best class-garden. The reward is to be a half-holiday and a picnic, and the judging day is June 1st. We fear that many of the winning form will reap where they have not sown, for it must be confessed that the gardeners, though full of zeal, are few in numbers.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School garden proper, though of limited extent, promises to be very gay by the Sports Day, June 21st. It consists of some beds in front of the house, and a strip along the drive bordering the drill-ground. Mr. R. M. Palmer has kindly presented us with some healthy young walnut trees, to which we have added horse-chestnuts, lilacs, laburnums and hawthorns.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Harvey has imported a new game, which promises to afford an interesting occupation for wet days. It is a War Game, played with a complete army of toy soldiers, with ambulances and transport wagons, and requires a large space of floor. The sick-bay, being fortunately but little required, makes an ideal battlefield on a scale of three inches to the mile. Seven or eight sanguinary fights have already taken place, some of them lasting several days.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. J. Pearse has been doing exceptionally well in his second year at McGill University, Montreal. At Christmas he was first in History (95 per cent.), Latin (84 per cent.) and Psychology (70 per cent.). He is President of his year, and Treasurer of the Arts Undergraduate Society, while in sports, in spite of a weak knee, he won the Championship Tennis Singles, and played for his class in Hockey.

\* \* \* \* \*

B. D. Rogers is Editor of the "Albanian," the magazine of St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ontario, a well got up little publication.



The Black and Red extends a very hearty welcome to Mr. A. G. Tracy, our new Bursar. Mr. Tracy being an old Sherborne boy as well as a Cambridge man, it is not surprising though none the less gratifying, that he has already identified himself whole-heartedly with all school interests, and especially with our cricket, where his assistance has been invaluable.

\* \* \* \* \*

We congratulate S. N. Rich on passing with flying colours his Examination for British Columbia Surveyor (preliminary).

\* \* \* \* \*

More congratulations!

ADYE.—On Tuesday, May 10th, at Victoria, B. C., the wife of Sergeant W. Adye, of the University School, of a daughter.

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## FOOTBALL

### The School XV. 1909-10—Characters of the Team

S. P. McGuigan.—Made an excellent captain; is keen and possesses the faculty of instilling keenness. He is an excellent centre three-quarter; has lots of speed, is a fine tackler and kicks well. He distinguished himself and brought honor to the school by securing a place on the Victoria team which won the championship of B. C. this year.

D. H. Mackay.—Played wing three-quarters; has good speed and dodges well; also kicks with good judgment; might tackle better.

V. M. Persse.—Played inside three-quarter with McGuigan; although new to the game he succeeded in winning his cap. He has a good dodgy run and tackles well; must learn to take passes and pass better.

E. A. Wyld.—Made an excellent wing three-quarters; has fine speed, tackles well and kicks with good judgment; should develop into a really good three-quarter.

S. N. Rich.—Was Vice-captain; is an excellent half—never misses an opportunity; tackles well and kicks with very good judgment; feeds his three-quarter-line well, and when near the line is most dangerous. He is an excellent drop and place-kick.

C. P. Otter.—Rich's partner at half; developed well this season; has improved in tackling and has good speed.

D. K. Irwin.—A good hard-working forward; an excellent tackle; did a lot of heavy work in the scrum.

E. A. Rand.—A conscientious forward, and with Irwin did a lot of good work in the scrum.



A. Thorsen.—Is developing into a really excellent forward; works hard in the scrum, and is always on the ball; is a fine tackle.

G. E. Ambery.—A good hard-working forward; did some very good work in the line-out.

H. S. Emanuels.—Won his cap early in the season; he unfortunately could not play much during the Easter term owing to a weak ankle; very keen and works hard.

H. B. Devine.—Did well to get his cap during his first term; is strong and useful in the scrum; follows up well; when he knows more about the game he should make a good forward.

A. Young.—Succeeded in winning his cap during the Easter term; follows up well and is not afraid to tackle; is keen and should make a good player.

E. N. Bagshawe.—Though not a stalwart, yet is a very good forward; he follows up splendidly, and for a boy of his size is an excellent tackle; he thoroughly deserves his cap.

K. Macdonald.—Played full back; he is cool, a good tackle, and kicks well. When he has had more experience should make a really good player in this most responsible position.

Although D. Shaw did not quite succeed in winning his cap, he played several times with the first XV.; he is a hard worker and follows up well; ought to get his place next season.

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## CRICKET

The selection of the senior Cricket Captain and his subordinates was made on April 22nd, the choice falling on E. A. Wyld, with J. E. Mathews as vice-captain, G. E. Ambery, secretary, and K. Creery and S. P. McGuigan as members of Committee.

The Intermediates and Juniors, a few days later, chose respectively R. Whittome and L. Young as captains.

Practices take place on three days each week; the seniors have net-practice on two days, with a match or a practice game on Wednesdays. During the last two years cricket has been carried on under great difficulties, the result being a considerable scarcity of boy-cricketers who have any experience of the game. However, there is now a commendable amount of keenness, which will not be long in bearing fruit.

A good card of matches has been arranged, not only with local elevens, but with the West End C. C. of Vancouver, the old rivals of the Queen's School in 1905 to 1907.

The first match, School vs. The Staff, was played on Wednesday, May 4th, in glorious weather. Both sides were



strengthened by the inclusion of three or four visitors, and after an exciting finish the game ended in a tie, each side having scored 55.

### The School

S. N. Rich, c Sparks, b Gillespie.....	12
—, Thomas, b Sparks .....	5
Mr. S. Gillespie, b Sparks .....	5
J. E. Mathews, c Barnacle, b Williams .....	5
Mr. — Hincks, b Sparks .....	0
S. P. McGuigan, b Williams .....	9
A. D. Bell-Irving, b Sparks .....	2
E. A. Wyld (Capt.), b Williams .....	3
K. A. Creery, b Williams .....	1
A. Thorsen, b Williams .....	4
Rev. H. Collison, not out .....	0
Extras .....	9
Total .....	55

### The Staff

Mr. R. Gillespie, b Thomas .....	4
Mr. Rant, b Collison .....	10
Mr. W. T. Williams, c Collison b Thomas .....	2
Rev. W. W. Bolton, b Thomas .....	6
Mr. R. V. Harvey, run out .....	1
Mr. F. A. Sparks, c Gillespie b Thomas .....	5
Mr. A. G. Tracy, b Thomas .....	2
Mr. J. C. Barnacle, not out .....	17
Mr. T. G. Thomas, lbw, b Thomas .....	0
Mr. A. Dobson, c and b Thomas .....	0
Sergeant W. Adye, run out .....	4
Extras .....	4
Total .....	55

A match arranged with the Garrison for May 11th was cancelled owing to the death of the King.

### School vs. Victoria C. C.

The Victoria club sent out a fairly strong team to meet us on our grounds on Saturday, May 14th. The day was cold and windy, but the sun came out after tea. We won the toss, and put in Mr. Barnacle and Bell-Irving. The latter, as well as Mr. Sparks, were unfortunate, but Rich and Mr. Barnacle took the score to 54 for the third wicket. Mr. Barnacle unluckily strained his leg, and had to retire just when he was well set. Rich hit out well, one of his balls travelling nearly to the gymnasium. Mr. Collison and Mr. Williams made a useful stand, but when the former was run out, the rest of the wickets went down rather rapidly.

The Victoria men were left an hour to play, but they



could do nothing with the fast bowling of Rev. Mr. Collison and Mr. Sparks. Except Mr. Marshall, none of them stayed more than ten minutes at the wicket, and we got them all out five minutes before time, thus winning by sixty-one runs. Score:—

#### The School

Mr. Barnacle, retired hurt .....	32
Bell-Irving, run out .....	4
Rich, c Thomas, b Hebden .....	17
Mr. Sparks, lbw, b Hebden .....	2
Mr. Williams, c L. York, b W. York.....	14
Rev. H. Collison, run out .....	31
Persse, b Pooley .....	2
Thorsen, c Pooley, b York .....	2
Wyld, b Pooley .....	0
Price, not out .....	1
Creery, b Pooley .....	2
Extras .....	5
Total .....	112

#### Victoria C. C.

L. York, b Sparks .....	1
H. Pooley, lbw, b Collison .....	6
W. York, b Collison .....	1
Hebden, b Sparks .....	7
Marshall, run out .....	18
Thomas, b Sparks .....	0
Capt. Cullin, b Sparks .....	0
Cane, c Thorsen, b Collison .....	5
Rant, c and b Collison .....	7
Gooch, b Sparks .....	0
Wheeler, not out .....	1
Extras .....	5
Total .....	51

### No. 170 CADET CORPS

#### List of Officers and N.C.O.'s, May, 1910

##### "A" COMPANY

Officer Commanding—Captain S. P. McGuigan.

Lieutenants—S. N. Rich, R. B. Hobson.

Sergeant-Major—H. S. Emanuels.

Band-Sergeant—K. Gordon.

Colour-Sergeant—G. E. Ambery.

Sergeants—E. A. Wyld, A. Thorsen, K. A. Creery.

Corporals—C. Spencer, J. Rogers, R. W. L. Crawford,  
D. Mackinnon.



Lance-Corporals—W. Decker, A. Shaw, H. Devine, R. Beech.  
Drummers—Hanbury, Walker.  
Cadets—22. Total—41.

### “B” COMPANY

Officer Commanding—Capt. E. A. Rand.  
Lieutenant—J. E. Mathews.  
Sergeants—D. Bell-Irving, V. R. Sutherland, L. Woodward, N. Bagshawe.  
Corporals—J. Cooper, J. Decker, J. Tatlow, M. Roe.  
Drummers—York, Rickards, Fennell.  
Cadets—25. Total—38.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Corps parades this term for drill on Tuesdays and Thursdays, doing skirmishing and company drill alternately. We have now formed the nucleus of a bugle band, which promises to be a very valuable addition to the corps.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Paardeberg Day, Feb. 28th, the Corps again attended the Memorial service at the Drill Hall, this time sixty-one strong. The day was very wet, so we went down in a special car. About 80 men of the Fifth Regiment C. A. paraded, but no other Corps except ourselves. The Bishop preached a stirring sermon from the text, “Be ye faithful unto death,” and both he and Colonel Currie had some words of encouragement for the boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

On March 4th the Corps went out by car to Esquimalt to see the big gun practice. Three six-inch guns on disappearing mountings fired eighteen rounds at an average range of three miles, and every shot was a hit, this constituting a record for any Canadian battery. One gun was entirely manned by officers of the Fifth Regiment.

\* \* \* \* \*

We at last received, on May 7th, our Ross rifles for “A” Company, thirty-four of them, so now the whole corps is armed. We are still without proper bayonets, and only half our number have belts, but we hope that this deficiency will be made good before long.

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### MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION

This year the Canadian Rifle League inaugurated a series of Gallery Matches for Cadets. The conditions are: Ten rounds at 25 yards at a one-inch bullseye. Four matches to be fired, one each month (February to May), the best ten



scores in each match to constitute the team, as at Clover Point. Thus the possible for each individual being 50, that of the team is 500.

These matches were fired on February 15th, March 15th, April 12th and May 3rd; the scores being 326, 356, 373 and 343. Aggregate score 1394. The highest scores in the separate matches were: (1) Mathews, 35; (2) Woodward, 40; (3) Roe, 42; (4) McGuigan, 42. The aggregates of the team were: Mathews, 149; Crawford and Devine, 138; Woodward, 136; Bell-Irving, 134; Sutherland, 132; Roe, 131; McGuigan, 130; Creery, 123. Of course we shall not hear for some time how these scores compare with those made by other competing cadet corps in the Dominion.

We have begun the season at Clover Point with a determination to improve on our performance of last year in the C. R. L. matches, when we took eighth place in Canada, and the omens are so far propitious. We began practising earlier—we have a larger issue of free ammunition—and two new rifles in place of two worn-out ones. Moreover, we have been able to shoot at two ranges every Saturday except one. The first scores have been distinctly promising; the best ten at 200 and 500 yards being 415, 357 and 366. Comparing these with our four best scores of 1909, viz., 310, 323, 385 and 406, it is a good beginning, especially considering that the best ten shots have not yet been to the range at one time.

Mr. Harvey is giving a spoon each week for competition, and the first three were won by Roe (48), Mackinnon (46) and Mathews (52). A silver cup has been very kindly presented by Mr. A. A. Clayton, of Fort Street, for the highest aggregate in the C. R. L. matches.

The juniors this term are being initiated into the mysteries of rifle-shooting. Mr. Harvey has procured two B. S. A. .22 calibre rifles, and the little boys, under the incentive of two prizes offered for the best shots, are showing great improvement under Sergeant Adye's patient tuition.

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## A QUARREL ON THE STYX

"Well, my Brother," said Carlyle to Lamb, as they waited by the Styx for the ferry-boat, "truly I think that of us two writers I am on the whole the manfuller, usefuller—yet in this place on the Stygian mud-deluge—this Death-Kingdom of the Ancients—this world of departed spirits, it does not make much difference; the Night has come wherein no man can work."

"This is mere midsummer madness and 'amabilis insania,'" replied Lamb; "Hast thou any good reason for mak-



ing these erroneous statements? Well, the valiant die but once, so it proves that I am valiant, if nothing else—go see if thou can'st write as musically as I did, thou harsh-voiced copier of base manuscripts.”

“Here, here,” exclaimed Carlyle, “what is that you are saying about me? Base copier of manuscripts! Why, fellow, my writings will last—be read, printed and reprinted—long after your scrannel-pipings are on the ash-pile! How dare you say such things about me? Away, and let me see your face no more.”

“But, my dear sir,” calmly replied Lamb, “you are not even all English, you are at least half German! Why, you even write capital letters to common nouns, and coin the most ludicrous comparatives conceivable. When I was at Christ's Hospital, my grammar taught me that adjectives of over two syllables took ‘more’ in front of the positive form.”

“It must have been a charity grammar,” was Carlyle's wrathful and sneering reply. “I may be half a German also, but rather would I come from the Fatherland, and write as I do, than come from Merry England, and write such floods of inanity as you. Ye Gods! why do ye allow this Philistine to criticise a good author's works, when all he can write is a so-called Essay—on Roast Pig!”

“That's right, lecture me, because I have to write for a living! As if it were not bad enough to have incurred the criticalness of the censorious on earth, must I here on the tedious shores of Lethe run into a battery of sound from that inexhausted German ocean—a man who is coward enough to criticise my writings in a place where it is impossible for me to talk well—for Elia is like Brutus, an honourable man, but without the gift of speech. Here is my best work—Ecce Signum—it is a revelation.”

“A revelation, that trash? Mere trifling word-juggling, this of thine—dashes here and dashes there. Why edge-gild thy futilities with Latin words, thou who accusest me of being German—and these literary references, is the world any better, fruitfuller, more blessed for these?—bah, vanity, naught else!”

But at this point Charon, who was afraid they might upset his ferry, caught Lamb by the scruff of his ghostly neck, and threw him screaming into the Styx.

“So should it be done to all such,” cried Carlyle enthusiastically. “These twangling, jangling little whimsical dilettanti make me sick. . . . Well, behold us at the portals of the Kingdom of Immensity, so farewell, good Brother Charon. But to rescue our friend Maecenas Twiddledee, forget not.”

With that he turned his back on the river, and set out to find some lonely soul who had appreciated his books when alive.



## THE TUCK-SHOP

On the border of the drill-ground,  
Of the dry and dusty drill-ground,  
Stands our well-appointed tuck shop;  
Stands the spot where hearts are gladdened,  
Money spent and cares forgotten.  
Up behind a little counter  
Stands the busy Mrs. Adye,  
Weighing sweets and serving ices,  
Serving drinks that pop and fizzle  
To a constant stream of school-boys.  
Most convenient is the tuck-shop  
After games or after lessons.  
From the biggest to the smallest,  
From the fattest to the thinnest,  
From the wisest to the dullest,  
All adore the good old tuck-shop.—K. GORDON.

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## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

### No. 1—The Bull and the Magpie

The Bull and the Magpie were strolling up and down the Range. "Yesterday," said the Bull, "there was a most objectionable man on the range. He stuck his ugly face over the bank, and called me an Outer—just fancy!—so I roared at him, 'Take down that disc!'"

"Did you scare him off?" asked the Magpie.

"Rather," grinned the Bull. "I found him in the trench with his head under a target, and his clothes all torn with barbed wire."

"He must have been a fine sight," tittered the Magpie.

"Well," was the reply, "to me he looked more like a full sight. Then he got up and began calling me more names—said I was no better than a ricochet—till naturally I got a little heated in the barrel, and began to stamp around and break things."

"Like a bull in a china-shop," murmured the Magpie to himself.

"What's that?" said the Bull, angrily.

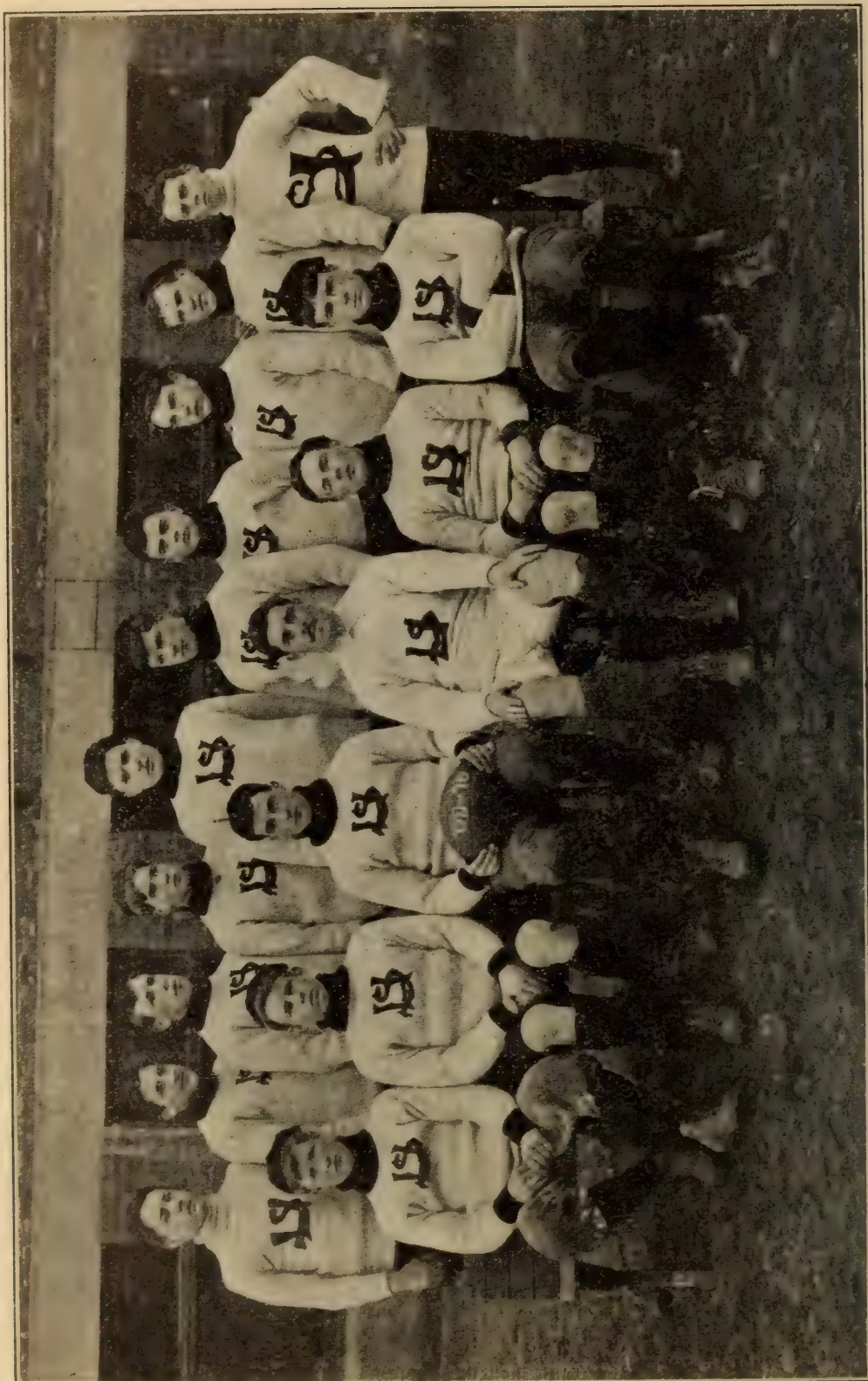
"I beg pardon," said the bird hastily, "I was thinking of another proverb—something about a lion among the pots, isn't it?"

"I believe I have heard the expression," replied the Bull, somewhat mollified—"Anyhow, I finished by going for this man, and knocking him galley-west."

"Where did you hit him?" asked the Magpie, much interested.

"About six o'clock," said the Bull, with a yawn.





UNIVERSITY SCHOOL SENIOR RUGBY TEAM.



The bird put on a wise air. "You didn't take enough foresight, I suppose?"

The Bull laughed. "He was the one who lacked foresight, I should say. If he has any left, he certainly won't come here again."

"Will he recover?" asked the Magpie.

"He had an oil-bottle," replied the Bull carelessly, "and some flannelette, so I guess he will pull through."

## No. 2—The Horse and the Frogs

The Horse was very much annoyed. He twitched his canvas back till he loosened half the tacks—he nearly pawed a hole in the Gym floor with his thick red legs. And certainly he had some excuse for being out of temper. Night after night, for hours at a time, the Frogs kept up their hoarse chorus and spoilt his rest. There were forty of them, and they hung on the wall, twenty on each side of the door; half of them croaked ceaselessly, "Fix-fix, fix-fix," and the rest answered gruffly, "Unfix-unfix; unfix-unfix." It would have driven Kitchener crazy. So the Horse roared at them, "Will you stop that din, you miserable little nuisances; what is it for, anyway?" There was dead silence for a moment; then a voice came from the Frog next the door. "No chance," it said; "nothing doing." Then after a pause, it roared, "Squad—" but the Horse interrupted the order. "Blister my paint!" he howled, thoroughly aroused, "there will be something doing if you talk to me like that! Who are you to give orders here?" There was another pause, then the reply, slowly, like a boy saying a lesson, "I have the honour to be, —Sir, — your obedient servant, — Company Frog-Major." "Great Sandow," exclaimed the Horse, "where did you learn that?" "The Type-Writer taught me," said the Frog-Major proudly, "he has to write that about three times a week, and he says it is the proper way to talk." The Horse was not much impressed. "Look here," he said, "You will kindly regard me as the D. O. C. in this Gymnasium. First, why do you keep shouting "Fix?" "Why, fix bayonets, don't you know," said the Frog, somewhat abashed. "Well, why don't you do it, instead of talking about it?" The Frog wriggled half-way up his belt, and the Sniders rattled sympathetically in the rack below. "Well," he got out at last, "because—because they don't fix." "Well, then"—the Horse sat up and pointed one leg at them—"you are a set of wretched frauds, not worth the nail you hang on. Now, attention, and listen to me. District Orders number umpty-ump. Date of today. No frog shall mention the words Fix or Unfix until further notice, under pain of being pipe-clayed. Two. Frog-Major Croaker is reduced to the ranks for insubordination. By Order, Signed, Me." "Gee," said the Frogs. And there was peace in the Gymnasium.









